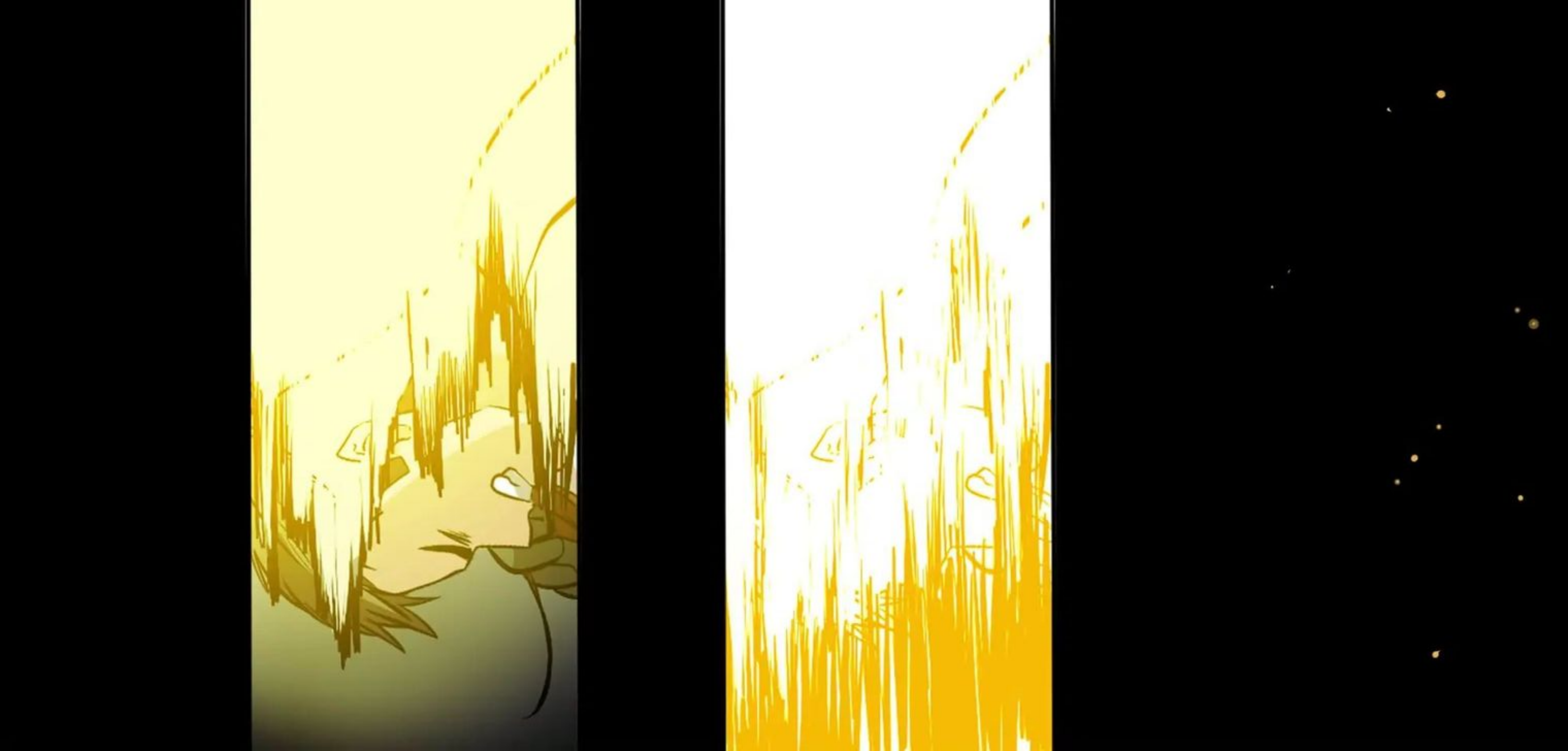
DASH

SSSSHHH



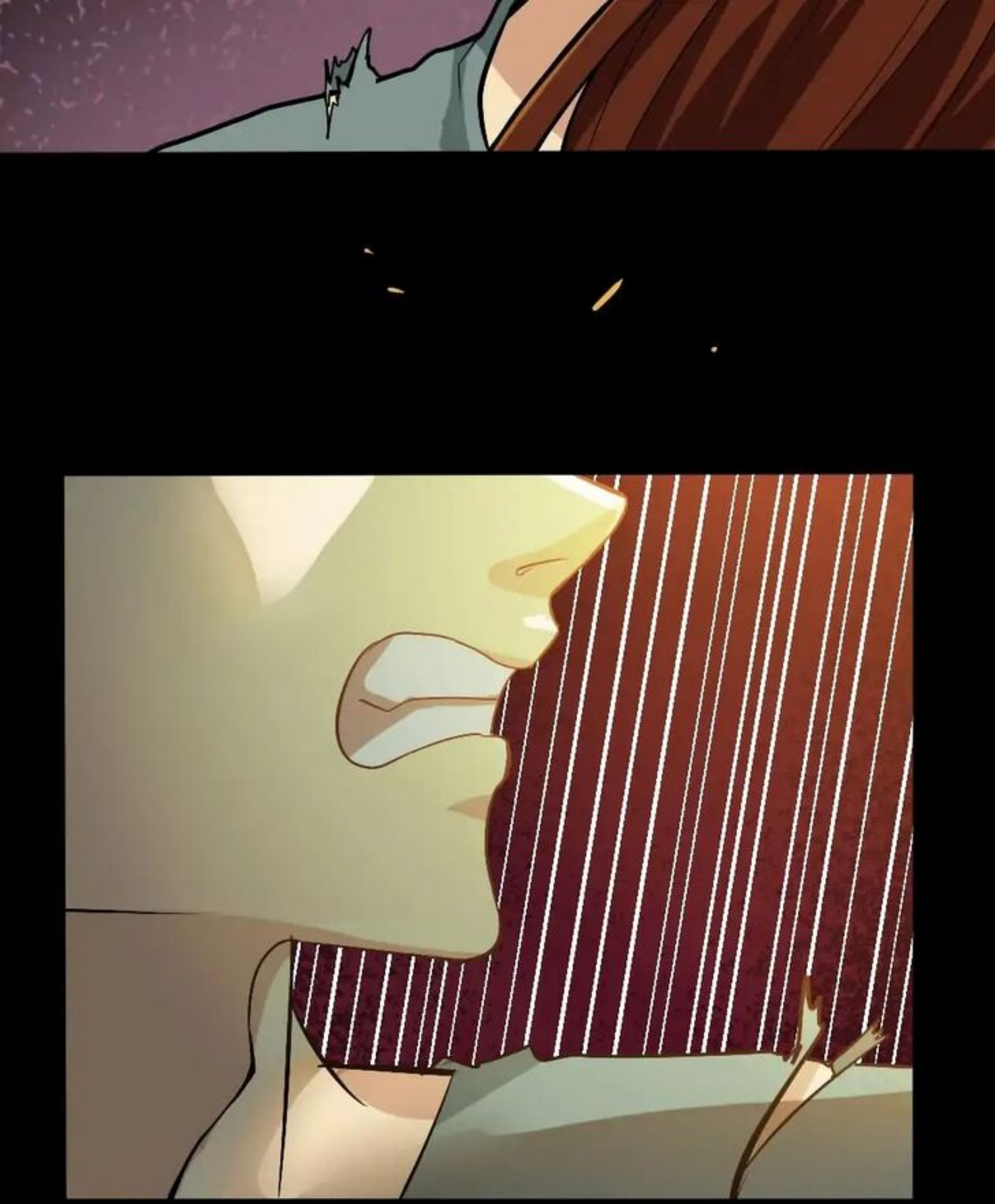
FSSS

YOU OKAY HONEY?

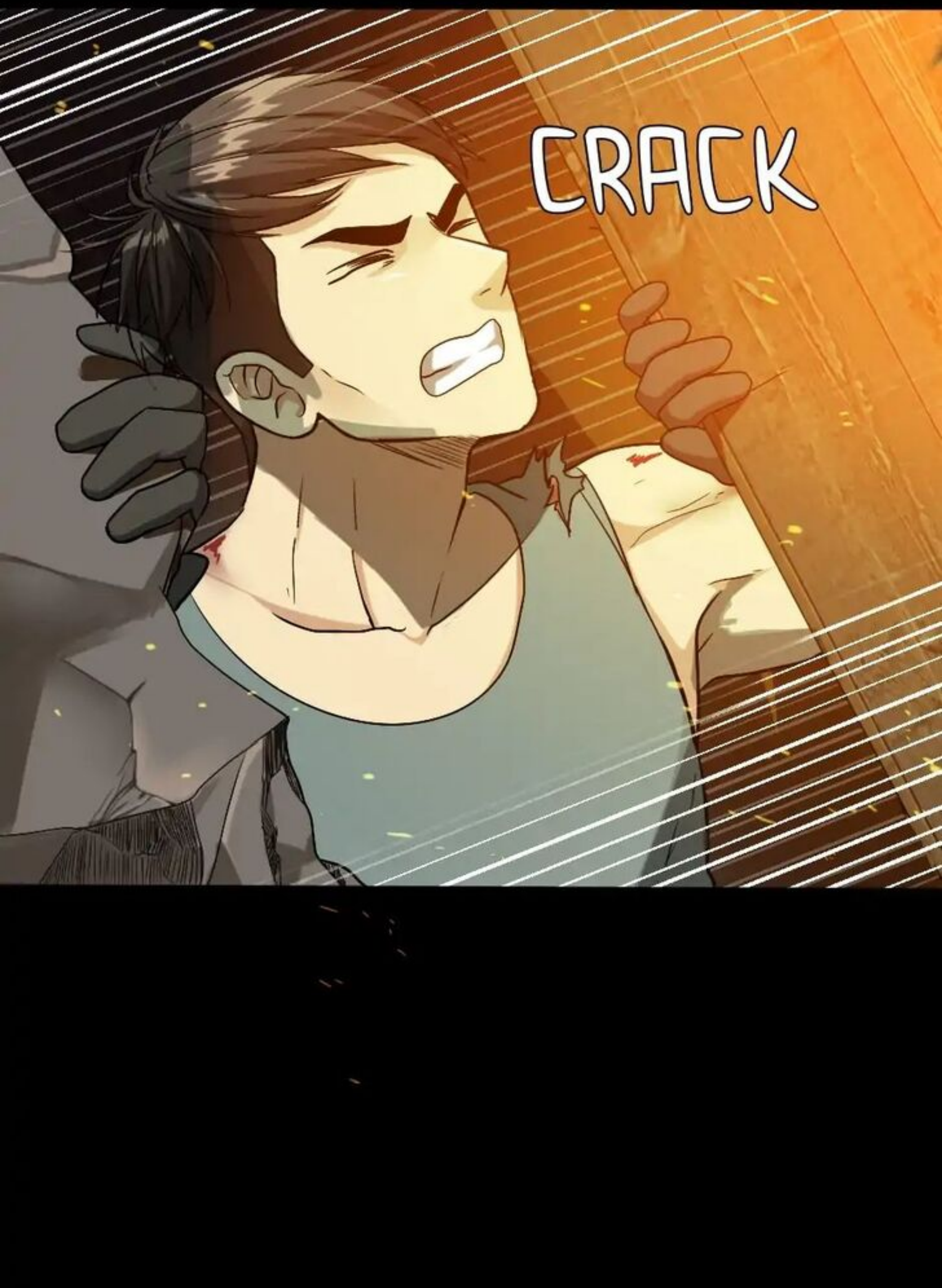
ART

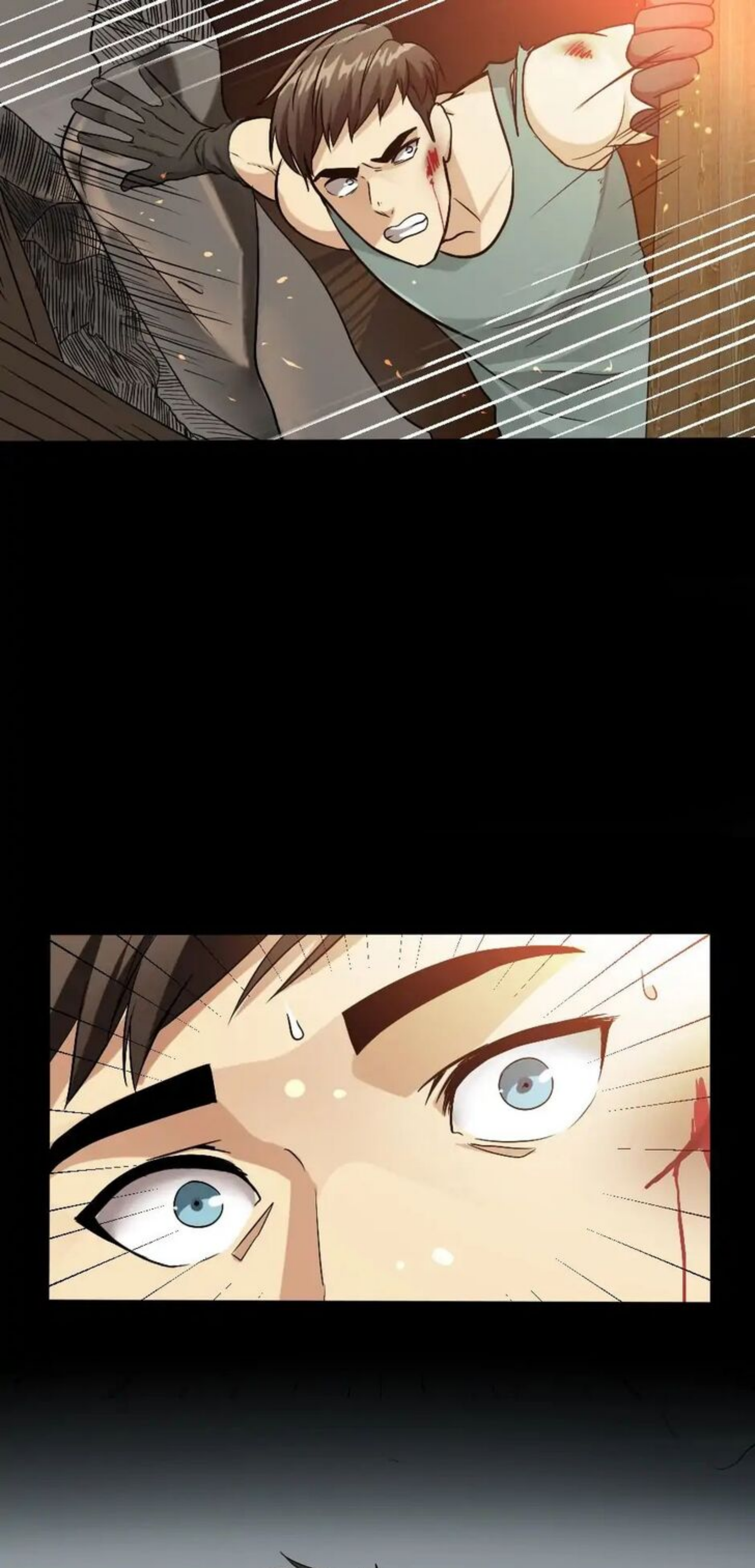
ART!

ART'S STILL THERE!



DASH


CRACK



THUD

HA...
HA...
HA...

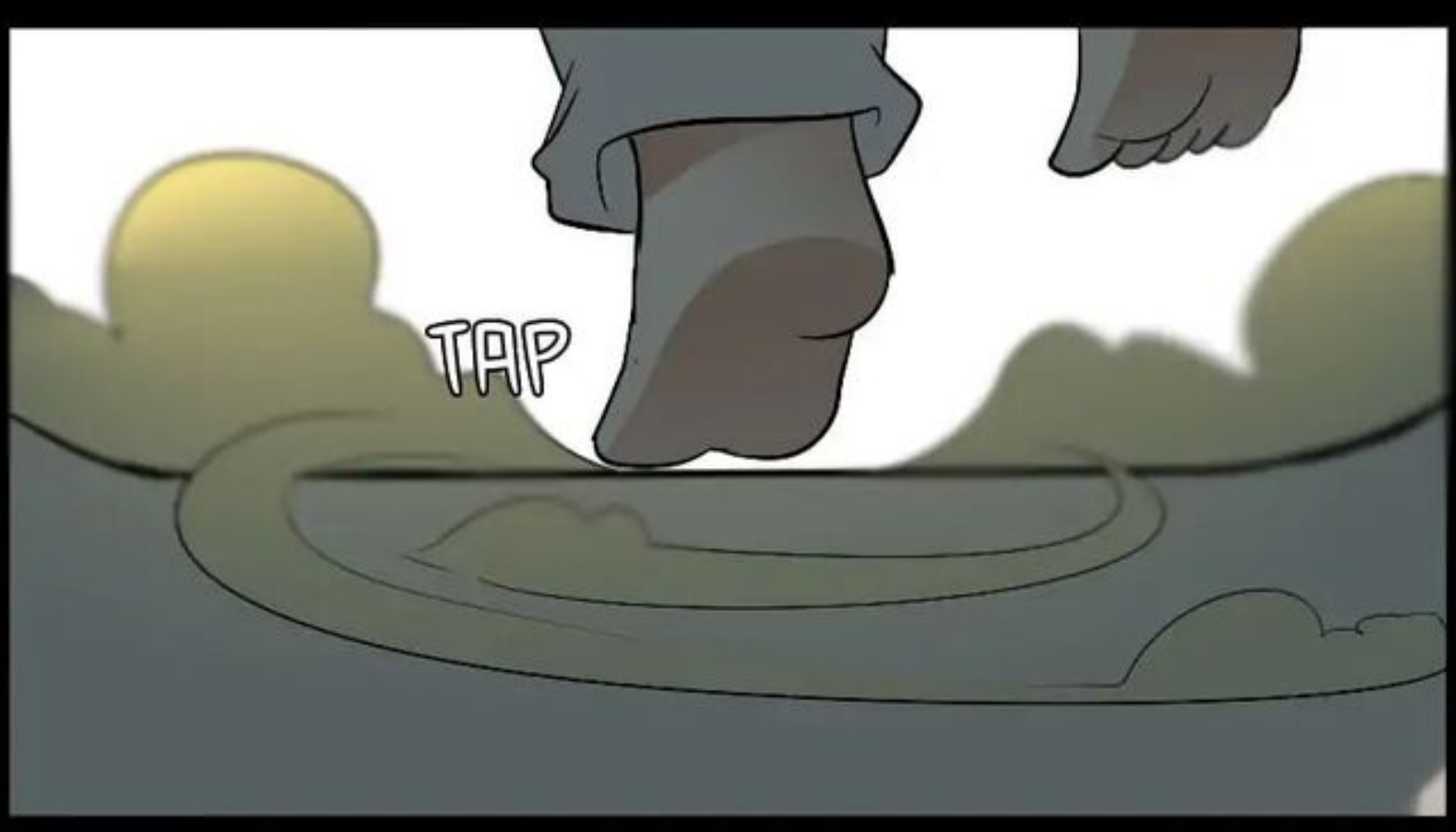
REYNOLDS!
W-WHAT'S
WRONG?

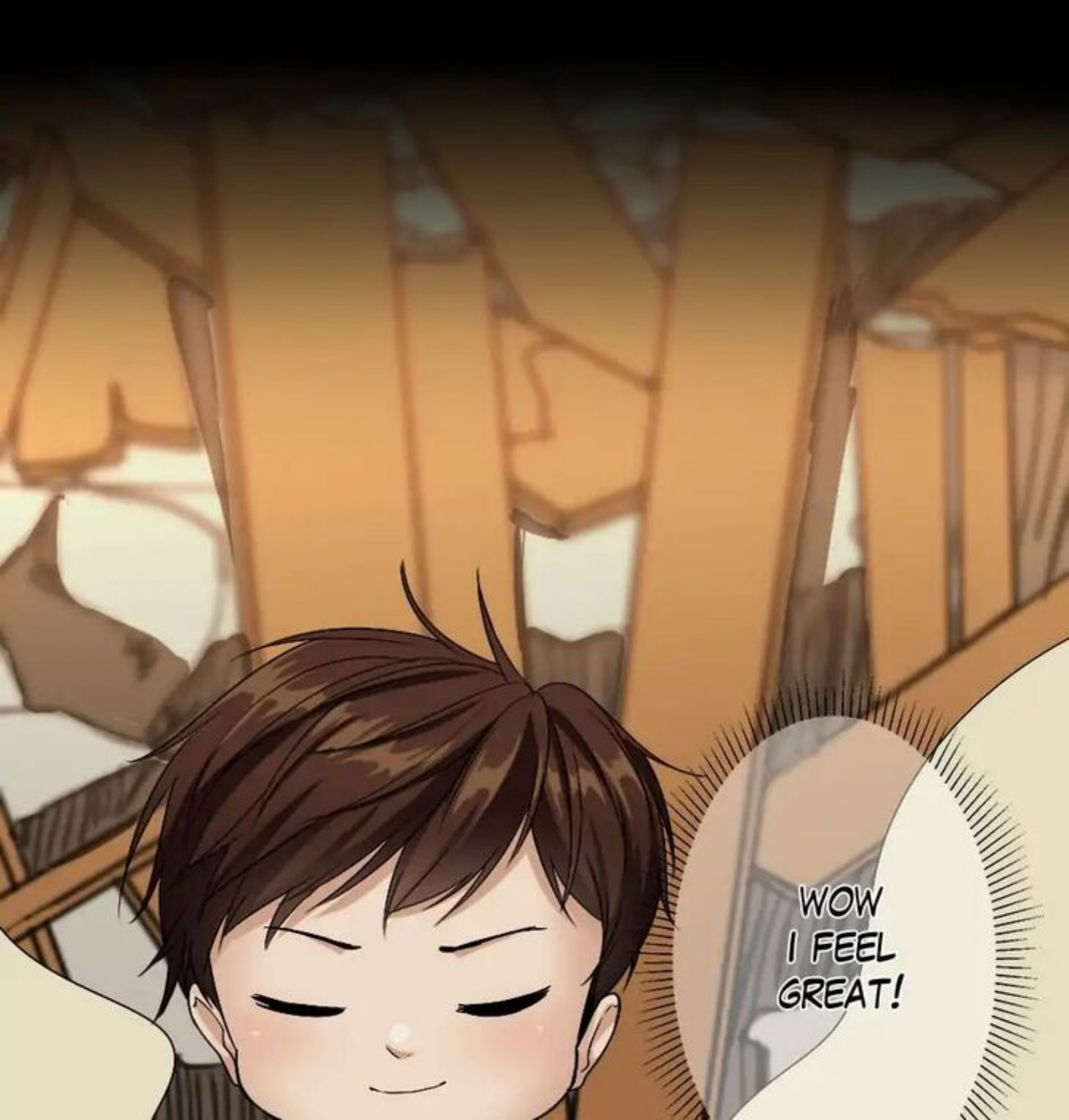
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME

HE'S NOT EVEN THREE...

BUT HE'S ALREADY...

HOSH

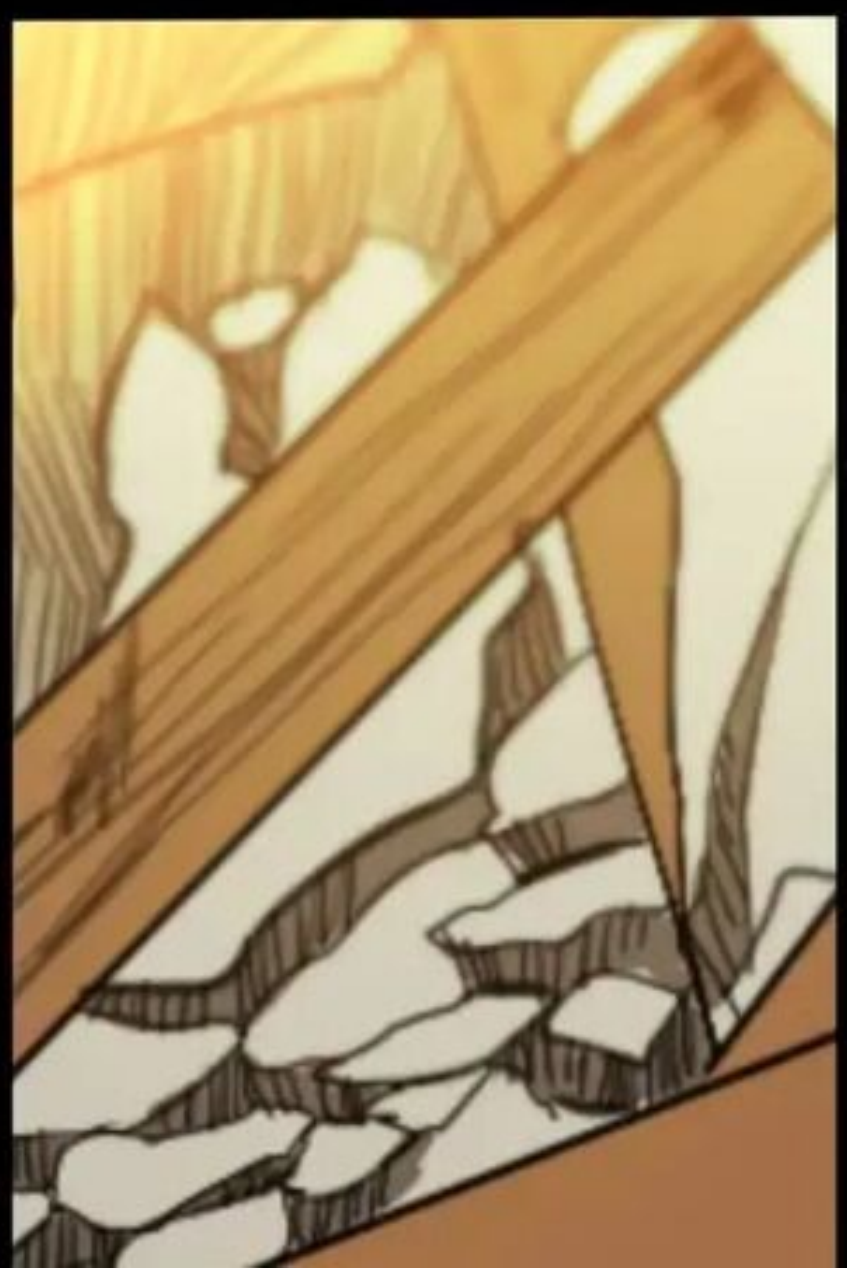

TAP


WOW
I FEEL
GREAT!

SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HAVE A MANA CORE!

EVEN
THE TREES LOOKS
GREENER!

TREES?



WAIT
A MINUTE

WHAT...

THE HELL?

WERE WE ATTACKED?

WHO DARES DESTROY THE HOME OF A KING?!

THE BEGINNING AFTER THE END

Original Novel and Script: TurtleMe

Comic Artist: Fuyuki23

Colorist: issatsu

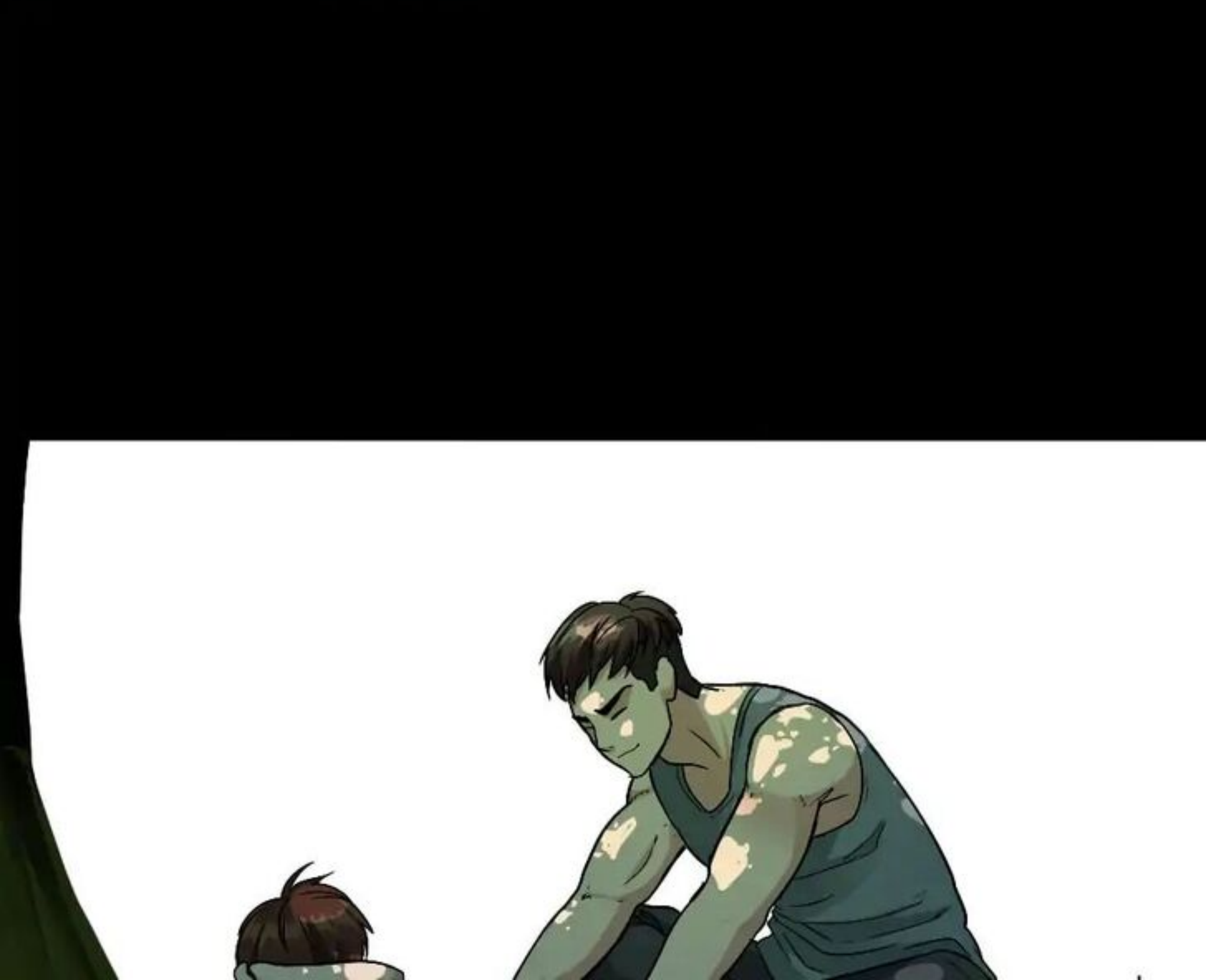
Quality Control: Kisai Entertainment

BESIDES REBUILDING OUR HOUSE, A LOT HAS HAPPENED THIS PAST YEAR.

ALONG WITH MY MOTHER "TEACHING" ME HOW TO READ AND WRITE,

I HAVE BEEN
LEARNING THE BASIC
OF MANA MANIPULATION
AND AUGMENTATION

AT FIRST,
SINCE MY BODY
WAS TOO SMALL
TO BE SPARRING,
WE DID BASIC BODY
WORKOUTS.



It wasn't too long ago
that my father finally decided
I would be okay to practice,

WITH THE WOODEN SWORD
HE HAD GOTTEN ME FOR MY
THIRD BIRTHDAY.

BAM!

IT'S TIME TO TRAIN, CHAMP!

I HAVE YOUR SWORD, NOW COME ON!

NOW REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU.

MATCH THE FLOW OF MANA WITH YOUR BREATHING.

JUST LIKE
YOUR HEART OR LUNGS,
YOUR CORE IS JUST
ANOTHER ORGAN.
I WONDER
IF MOST
FOUR-YEAR-OLDS
WOULD UNDERSTAND
THESE ABSTRACT
INSTRUCTIONS...

THWAK

THUMP

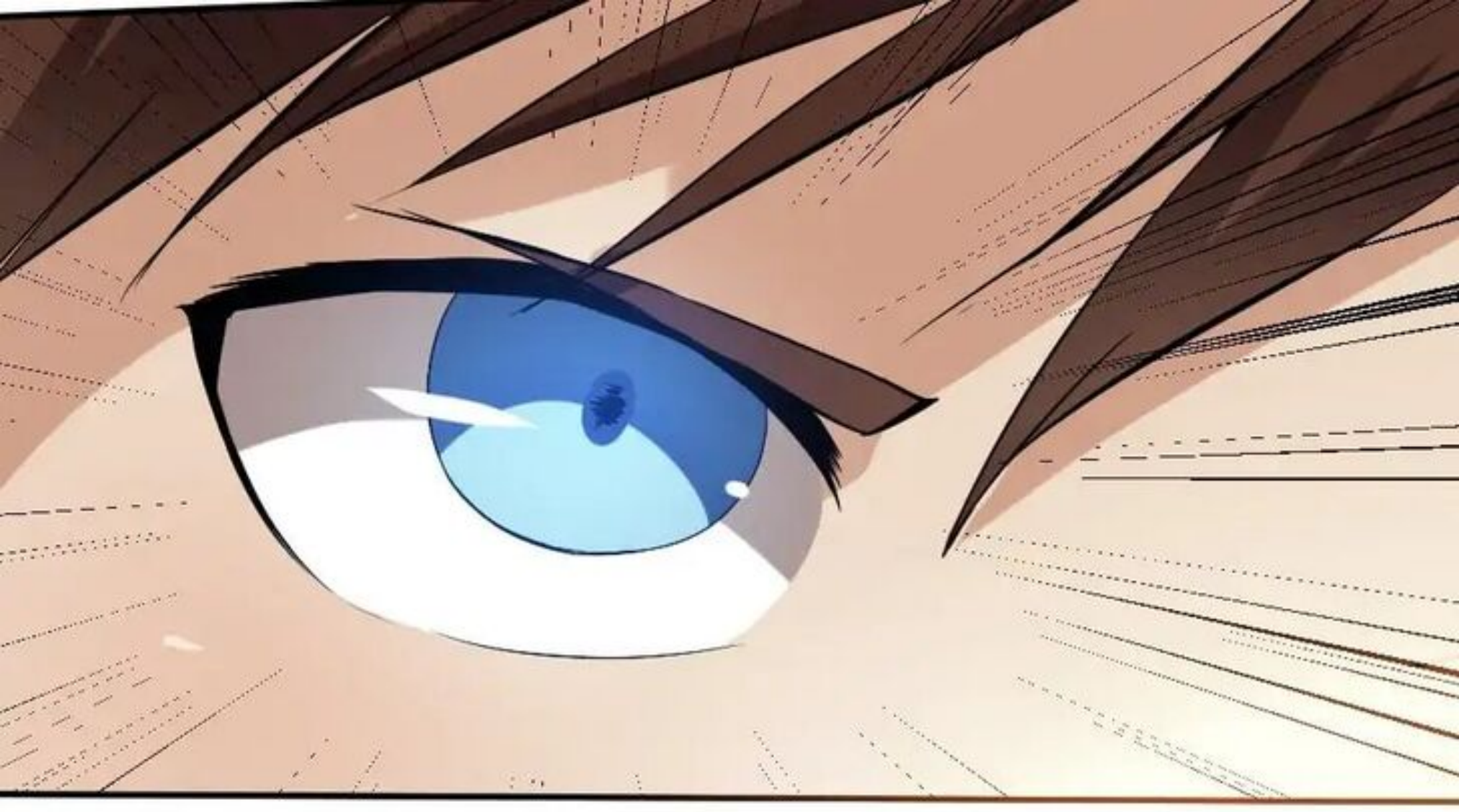
WHACK

COME ON,
I THINK YOU CAN
DO IT!

WHACK

HE'S NOT GOING TO LET ME REST UNTIL I DO THIS,

AND I ONLY HAVE
A LITTLE BIT OF TIME TO
STUDY BEFORE DINNER.



SWING

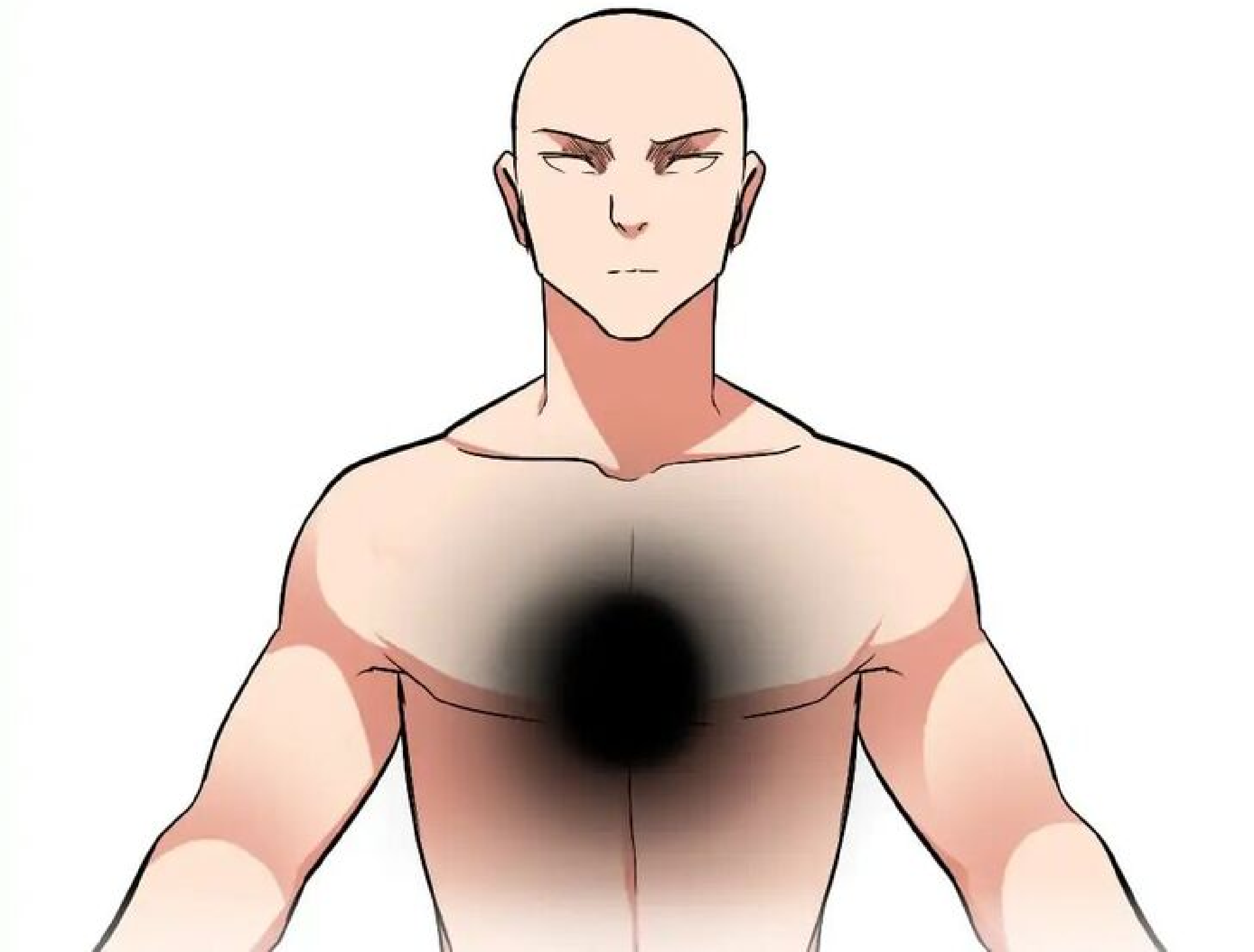
SMASH!

TWHOOS

THUD

Y-YEAH...
SURE, ART.

In this world, strength
is measured by the color of
your mana core.



THE MANA CORE STARTS OFF BLACK,DUE TO THE BODY'S BLOOD AND OTHER IMPURITIES MIXING WITH THE MANA PARTICLES FORMING THE MANA CORE.

THE MANA CORE BECOMES MORE PURE AS THE IMPURITIES ARE FILTERED OUT OVER TIME.

THE ORDER GOES AS FOLLOWS:

BLACK

RED

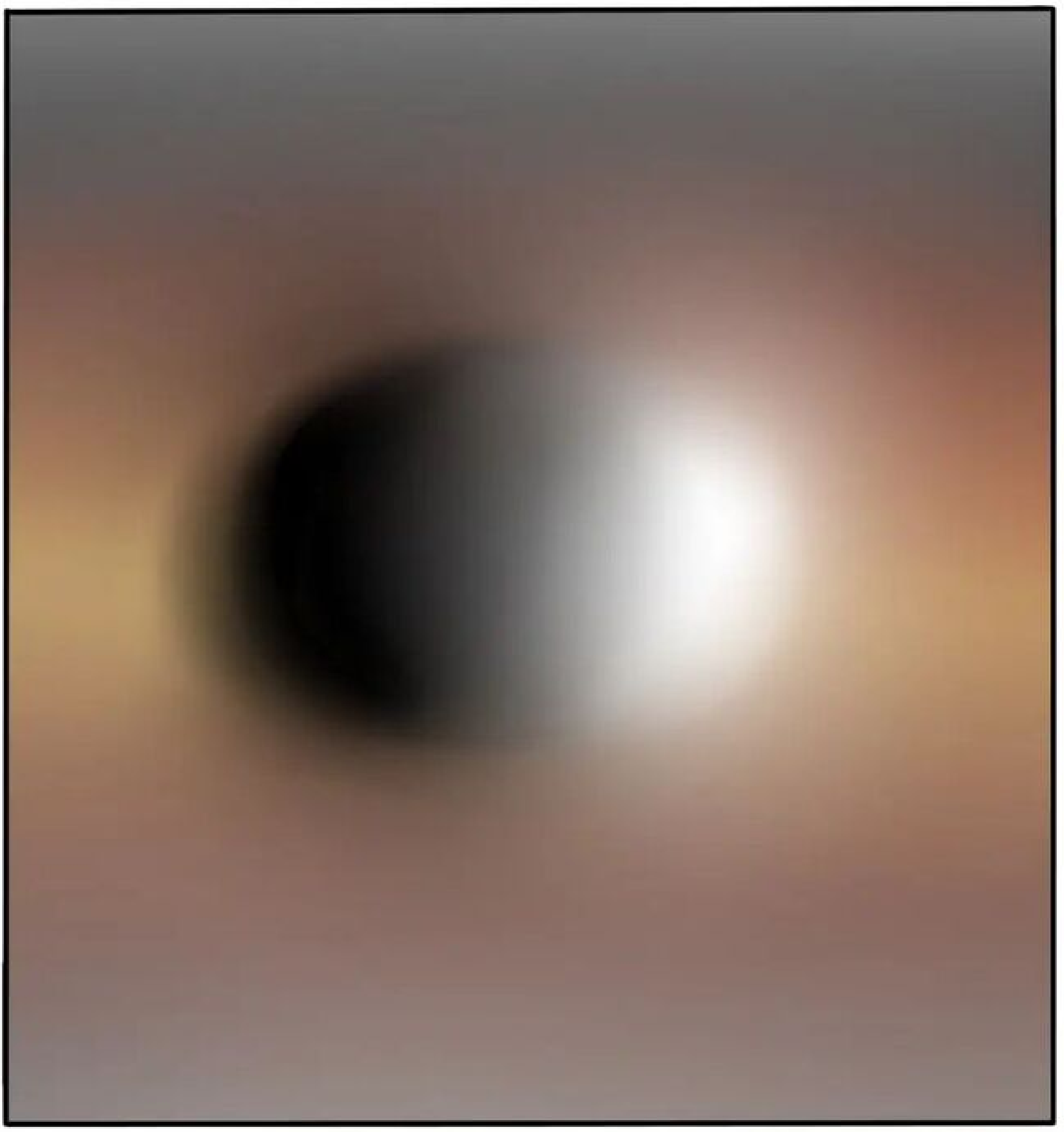
ORANGE

YELLOW

SILVER

AND
WHITE

Each stage is
split into three shades
(Dark, Solid, and Light).



THE LIGHTER THE MANA CORE, THE PURER IT IS, AND THE MORE POWER IT HAS.

AAAARTHUR~

TIME FOR DINNER!

CURSES...

CLINK
CLINK

CLINK

CLINK

CAN'T A BABY GET SOME ALONE TIME AROUND HERE?

HOW ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO LEARN?

CLINK

CLINK

HONEY,

CLINK

CLINK

I THINK
IT'S TIME WE GET
ART A PROPER
MENTOR.